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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor

Captain J. Wood, R.C.D.
Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q.

Assistant Editors:

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Capt. M. H. A. Drury.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Tpr. S. W. Wells.

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Lieut. C. C. Mann.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Tpr. S. W. Wells.

Advertising:

Sub-Staff

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, R.S.M. H. E. Karcher, R.C.D.

Old Comrades Representative: Major E. A. Hethrington

Asst. Old Comrades Representatives: Mr. G. J. Simpink.

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MY SADDLERY

The hours I spend with thee dear heart
Makes me look like a Christmas tree
I shine the buckles every one apart
My Saddlery — My Saddlery!



EGG
1930

EDITORIAL



The Editor has returned from a three weeks trip to the "Garden of the Gulf" Prince Edward Island, two weeks with the Prince Edward Light Horse and two days on the combined Naval and Military operations off Picton Harbour and at River John N.S. Had he been home a little earlier in the month some of the breezy air of the Atlantic Coast could have been put in this number of "The Goat". Next month, however we will have a detailed account of the Horse Show at Olympia where the R.C. M.P. have done so well representing Canada. The accounts from all the Summer Camps will be included

and the visit of the R-100 where "A" Squadron is going on duty for two weeks from the 24 July.

• • •

The big airport at St. Hubert P.Q. will be a very busy and popular spot during the visit of this giant British Dirigible "The Goat" hopes that her visit will be a huge success and devoid of mishap.

• • •

"A" Squadron's Musical Ride is now training for their visit to Rochester, N.Y., late in August where we hope to show our work in that line to the Americans on their own ground.

Personal & Regimental

Major R. S. Tunnis is expected home about the middle of September on completion of his course at the Senior Officers School, Sheerness, England.

Major and Mrs. Baty are enjoying their stay in St. Johns, both looking remarkably well.

Major Henry Bate, has accepted the position of Manager of the Thorne Stables and is fortunate in having a magnificent string of Hunters at his command. Mr. Thorne has a beautiful Estate near Lake Forrest and he and his family are keen horse lovers. Major Bate showed in many classes at the Lake Forrest Horse Show, and captured a number of Blue Ribbons.

The writer, on visiting the Chicago Riding Club recently, had the pleasure of seeing Trooper Wilcox, late "A" Squadron Overseas, who is employed at the Club. Old Comrades wishing to get in touch with Trooper Wilcox, should communicate care of The Chicago Riding Club, Chicago, Ill.

The Annual Picnic of the Old Comrades Association will take place Saturday August 2nd at Niagara-on-the-Lake. "B" Squadrons Mounted sports will be held in conjunction with those of the Association. Travel by 9.15. D.S.T. Fare return \$1.10, children 55 cents. Lunch and refreshments supplied. Tickets available at the Canada Steamship Pier from the committee.

Since last going to press two promotions have been gained by officers of the Regiment, Lt. Bvt. Captain L. D. Hammond being promoted to the rank of Captain with effect from 1st April 1930, and Captain Q.M. T. A. James being promoted to the rank of Major Q.M. with effect from 1st June 1930. Both of these officers have had long and distinguished careers in the Royal Canadian Dragoons and we are sure that many past and present members of the Regiment will join "The Goat" in offering congratulations.

During the past two months we may consider that St. Johns loss has been Toronto's gain for we have to record the transfer from St. Johns to Toronto of Capt. and Bt. Major D. A. Grant, M.C., acting R.Q.M.S. J. Snape and acting Sergeant Instructor H. F. Costello.

We regret to record the death of Frank Norman Stafford, father of Lance Corporal F. N. Stafford, who passed away at Christie St. Hospital, Toronto, on Saturday 5, July 1930. The late Mr. Stafford served with the 105 Battalion C.E. F. and also had previous service with the Imperial Army.

When S.S.M.I. Hopkinson returns from Furlough from France he will be wearing the Crown and Laurel on his sleeves for he was promoted to the rank of Q.M.S.I. on the 20th June, 1930.

Mrs. M. Drury is spending the summer at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Many complimentary remarks were overheard with reference to her jumping at the St. Catharines Horse Show. Mrs. Drury has had considerable experience in the Show Ring in Riding and Driving Classes, but her jumping is a new sphere and we may claim a certain amount of credit for her skill which she has acquired as a result of hard schooling at Stanley Barracks.

The undermentioned officers and members of the Instructional Cadre were on duty at the undermentioned Training Camps.

Valecartier Camp—Major D. A. Grant, M.C.

Barriefield Camp—Major D. A. Grant, M.C., Lieut. C. C. Mann, S.M.I. J. H. Dowdell, Q.S.M.I. J. MacLean, M.M., Sgt. Instr. J. King, Sgt. Instr. E. J. Manning, Sgt. Instr. H. F. Mostello

Port Stanley—Captain L. D. Hammond, Q.S.M.I. J. Fletcher.

Lance Corporal Barker will attend the Course for Signalling Instructor, commencing at Camp Borden on the 14th July 1930.

Lt. Colonel D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

is at present "On Command" for duty at Headquarters, M.D. No. 2. We are pleased to report that Mrs. Bowie who has for the past few months been a patient in a private Hospital at Caledon, Gravenhurst, Ontario, has sufficiently recovered to enable her to return to Toronto where Colonel and Mrs. Bowie have re-opened their residence at 266 St. George Street.

Mrs. L. D. Hammond and family have taken a cottage and are spending the summer months at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Ex-S.S.M. Charlie Smith, reported for duty at Niagara Camp and attached for rations to the Sergeants Mess without expense to the public for a period of one week. He has qualified for the "Harpooning Certificate."

One of the pleasant features connected with our annual sojourn at Niagara Camp is the renewing of the acquaintance with our many friends who reside at Niagara-on-the-Lake. In this connection we wish to specially mention our old friend Comrade and former Commanding Officer, Brig-Gen. C. M. Nelles, C.M.G. We may state that the smiling countenance of Major and Mrs. Baty are greatly missed and many of the local residents have enquired as to their whereabouts. This is not the only place where Major Baty is missed there seemed to be a blank file reserved for his presence at the Annual Garrison Church Parade in Toronto. There seemed to be something lacking in the singing of the hymns at the service and it was not until some time after the parade that it was realized that this must have been caused by the absence of the Major's voice. One of our junior subalterns was heard to remark that he always appreciated Major Baty's singing best when it was accompanied by massed bands.

Congratulations to Captain Drury and Lieut. Mann upon successfully passing their promotion examination for the ranks of Major and Captain respectively. We may also add that although "The Goat"



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has received no official announcement, we never-the-less surmise from local rumour that Lieut. Mann is entitled to still further congratulations. We can however officially announce that Lieut. Mann was a competitor at the St. Catharines Horse Show.

Master Douglas Mann is spending his holidays at Niagara-on-the-Lake. At the Lions Club Horse Show which was held at St. Catharines on the 1st July 1930 and riding Lieut. C. C. Mann's horses "Chippawawa" and "Patia" he won the blue ribbon in the Open Hunter, and best rider under 16 years of age classes respectively. Though only 13 years of age we are counting Doug as a future officer of the Regiment and reserving for him a place on the International Jumping Team about the year 1937.

Niagara Notes.

Such a surprise if the men got hot water in their showers once a week, what about it Pioneer Cpl.

Having hung up notices of "Boys this is our Home Keep it clean" all over the place, in the Camp bar, Stables, and anywhere he could hammer a nail, the pioneer is continuously rehearsing that good old song. "There's no place like Home" to be sung during his working hours.

We notice many changes in Camp this year, to wit. The old Hospital is now the Officers Mess, and a new Canteen has been built for us behind the men's cook-houses. Several of our local Froth Blowers claim that although they miss the large tree that stood outside the "Old Place," the close proximity of the "Duff buildings" which are just outside the present Canteen is a stroke of genius on the part of the Engineers.

Who was the ex Irish Guardsman who had his saddle cover on rear end to the front on a recent Royal Escort? and when it was pointed out to him, what kind of a fit, did the M.O. say he had?

We are very disappointed to learn that there will be no Regimental Re-Union at Petawawa this year, such a shock to the

many friends of "Spivens" and "Rusty."

There is great excitement in Guelph over the recent promotion of one of her native sons. There is to be a salute of 27 guns (one gun 27 times) is being proposed for his next visit to his native soil. Congratulations "Price."

The Royal Escort that was needed for the opening of the Woodbine recently carried out their duties very creditably, despite the beating of many anxious hearts. Upon seeing the escort turning out at Barracks, we freely admit that it was one of the best ever turned out by 'B' Squadron.

At the time of going to press we are quite settled down at Niagara the worst of the fatigues are over, and the camp looks fine. The new Khaki colored tents look very smart, and although the tents are so close together, it is not possible to throw a guy out of one tent without throwing him into another, we have no other fault to find with our Summer quarters.

Messrs. Adams and Co. Ltd., furniture dealers would be well advised to visit some of our tents, as some of the articles of furniture are really good enough to be classed as antiques, and I don't mean may-be.

Having discovered foot-prints outside the Sgts. Mess at 2 a.m. "Friday" spent much time on the problem. However, when he was at last forced to the conclusion that they were his own, he decided to "Keep it dark."

"Tom Duff" has manufactured a bed, the outstanding feature of which is the fact that you are always in the shade. You place the bed in the shade, then lie on it, —as the Sun goes down, so does the bed, thereby insuring complete shelter from the Sun's rays.

PROGRAMME OF H.Q. AND 'B' SQUADRON R.C.D.

Mounted Sports at Niagara Camp 1930.

- 1.— Best turned out Trooper.
(Drill Order)
- 2.— Novice Jumping performance

for horses and riders who have never won a prize in a Squadron or any other jumping competition.

Course "B" 2 Jumps 3"—2 Jumps 3"6" Twice around.

3.—Section Tent Pegging

One Section per Troop.

Two runs, one in line and one in "Indian File"

Score.—

Curry.....3 points per peg
Draw.....2 points per peg
Strike.....1 point per peg
Pace and style, 3 points per Section per run. (No points to be awarded unless there is at least one draw and one strike per section.)

4.—Open Jumping performance. (Course "A")

5.— Dummy Trusting over a selected course which may include jumps not exceeding 3", and ring ball and peg.

6.— Best schooled Troop Horse.

7.— Touch and Out. (Course "A")

Notes

Unless otherwise stated, events are open to all other ranks of the Regiment.

Horses entered in Tent Pegging or Dummy Thrusting classes are not eligible for jumping events.

Score for Jumping performance

Hind tick	½ fault
Front tick	1 "
Knock down behind	2 "
Knock down in front	3 "
First refusal	1 "
Second refusal	2 "
Third refusal	Out
Horse or Rider, or horse and Rider falling	4 faults.

One fault will be awarded each time a horse turns away from a jump.

TORONTO DIARY

June 1st and 2nd 1930.

All ranks settled in Camp and have plenty of grass cutting, whitewashing and fatigue in general.

June 3rd—King's Birthday.

H.Q. and 'B' Squ. paraded under the command of Lieut.-Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., in honour of the birthday of His Majesty the King (Colonel in Chief R.C.D.) on the Polo Field mounted.

The Regimental guidon carried by S.S.M. J. Copeland, D.C.M. and an escort of two senior Sergeants arrived after the parade had formed up, when the usual compliments were paid to it.

A fitting ceremony was then carried out after which a rousing three cheers led by Lt.-Col. Bowie were given for H.M. the King. A march past was then held and the salute was taken by Brig.-Gen. C. M. Nelles, C.M.G.

June 4th.

Sgt.-Instr. E. J. Manning returned from Ottawa where he had been instructing P.L.D.G.

Tpr. D. H. Walters better known to the rank and file as "Taffy" has been granted furlough for two months pending his discharge, after 25 years of continuous service with the regiment.

June 6th.

S.M.I. J. H. Dowdell, has rejoined the unit after holding a Prov. School of Cavalry of six weeks duration, at St. Catharines Ont.

June 9th.

The Camp School of Cavalry opened on this date with a course of 14 Officers and N.C.O.'s. in Pt. II and of 12 Officers in Proficiency in Riding.

A Pt. II course of Infantry and Machine Guns was also opened with a large number of candidates.

June 10th.

S.S.M.I. G. C. Hopkinson who has been on furlough in France is granted an extension to the 31st August 1930.

June 13th.

No. 1599 Tpr. J. M. Lord has been attested and posted to "B" Sq. Tpr. Lord is an ex-member of the 1st Royal Dragoons, with which we are affiliated.

June 17th.

Cpl. J. Cassidy has been sent to Christie St. Hospital Toronto, with a compound fracture of the arm which she suffered with a fall.

June 19th.

Advance parties of the Infantry N.P.A.M. are arriving in Camp. The Camp will open on the 21st June with Maj.-Gen. E. C. Ashton, C.M.G., V.D., as Camp Commandant.

It is unfortunate that there will be no Cavalry in Camp this year.

June 21st.

Sqn. Horse No. 'B' 52 (Mickey) destroyed.

June 22nd.

Church parade of all units in Camp, and a march past after Church Parade. The Camp Commandant taking the salute.

June 23rd.

Capt. Bvt. Maj. D. A. Grant, M.C., proceeded on instructional duty to Valcartier, Que.

June 29th.

Church parade of all units in Camp, a review was then held of two Inf. Bdes. and Departmental Corps by the Camp Commandant.

June 30th.

Sgt. A. Neeves has been discharged from Christie St. Hospital where he has been for some weeks.

A/R.Q.M.S. J. Snape has been admitted to Christie St. Hospital.

A musical ride of 16 files under S.S.M. J. Copeland, D.C.M., is proceeding by road and rail to Kitchener, Ont., where the ride will be given twice on Dominion Day, July 1st. The ride are also putting on exhibitions of jumping, tent-pegging, troop, drill; and musical chairs, etc.

July 3rd.

Upon the ride arriving at Kitchener they were met at the station by our friend Charlie Meeker, and from all accounts, all ranks were most hospitably treated during their short stay in Kitchener.

July 8th.

'B' Sq. R.C.D. commenced Annual Musketry practices on July 8th.

Notice

Arrangements are now under way to hold the Old Comrade's annual Picnic at Niagara-on-the-Lake, on August 2nd.

A programme of mounted sports is intended to be held on this day.

THE PASSING OF "MICKEY"

The destroying of Troop Horse 'B' 52, on Saturday, June 21st, closes the military career of a horse of outstanding interest, as this horse has been ridden and cared for by Sergt. C. Sayger for a period of ten continuous years. The writer feels that it will be of keen interest to horse lovers to know that the horse was purchased in January, 1921, and taken over by Sergt. Sayger in May of the

same year. This mount was always requested by General Bell as his charger during camps 'Mickey' as he was called, carried off many prizes and trophies in his career as an army mount, the following being his record:-

November, 1922, first prize, saddle class, \$50, Royal Winter Fair; Nov., 1923, first prize, saddle class, \$50, Royal Winter Fair; Aug. 1924 first prize sergeants jumping, \$5, Niagara Camp; Nov. 1924, 1st prize, saddle class, \$50, Royal Winter Fair; Aug. 1925, first prize, Sergeants jumping \$5, Niagara Camp; Nov. 1925, first prize, saddle class \$50, Royal Winter Fair; Nov. 1925 fourth prize, military and police class, ribbon, Royal Winter Fair; Nov. 1926, second prize, saddle class \$25, Royal Winter Fair; Sept. 1927 first prize, saddle class \$10, Arillia Fair; July 1928, first prize saddle class, silver cup, St. Catharines; Nov. 1928, fourth prize, saddle class, \$10 Royal Winter Fair; June 1929, second prize, saddle class ribbon, St. Catharines; Sept. 1929, fourth prize, saddle class, \$10, Exhibition Horse Show; Oct. 1929, first prize, saddle class, ribbon Woodstock.

On the move from Toronto to Niagara Camp, "Mickey" was kicked by one of the other troop horses, and the injury was so severe that he had to be destroyed.

MAJOR WINS A NICKEL BUT COLONELCY WITHIN TWO HOURS GETS DIME

It is sometimes easier to get a military promotion on Bay St., Toronto than at Ottawa.

This is particularly true if one looks well-fed and affluent.

Last night a citizen was hurrying northward on Bay Street shortly after 8 o'clock when he was hailed by a tired-looking man.

"Say Major, can you help a fellow out with a meal? he asked the citizen. "I haven't had a meal all day."

The citizen never slackened his stride but handed him a nickel. Two hours after the same citizen was on his way down Bay Street when he was stopped by the same man. This time the salutation was somewhat different.

"I say Colonel, could you stake me to a meal," came the plea. "I haven't had a meal all day."

This time the citizen stopped with

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a smile on his face. "Haven't you eaten yet?" he asked. "Well, I'm a little low in change myself but it's worth a dime to be brevetted from a majority to a colonelcy on Bay Street within two hours.

And the panhandler wearily crossed the street to a nearby restaurant.

The article entitled "The Gallant Mad Major" published in the June edition of "The Goat" was taken from the January issue of the "Canadian Defence Quarterly" due acknowledgement is now given in the Canadian Defence Quarterly for their article. The omission of this acknowledgement in the June issue of "The Goat" is regretted.

St. Catherines Horse Show.

The St. Catherines Riding and Driving Club held their fourth annual horse show on June 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th. It was originally intended to be a three day's show but inclement weather on the 19th forced them to postpone most of that day's programme until the 20th. Fortunately practically all of the exhibitors were able to remain over and judging by the large crowd in attendance upon the closing night no great inconvenience was caused to anybody as a result of the postponement.

The St. Catherines Show is rapidly growing both in quality and popularity and the success of this their fourth season may be judged by the fact that in inter-city jumping class for teams of three horses which was jumped for each night there were no less than ten entries. The following municipalities were represented: Pittsburg, Tonawanda, Hamilton, Buffalo, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Oakville, St. Catherines, Oshawa, North York, and Wexford. This event was won by North York (Sifton's Stables) St. Catherines were Second, Tonawanda Third and Niagara-on-the-Lake fourth. Niagara-on-the-Lake was represented by Mrs. M. Drury on "Bridget", Captain Drury on "Bobs" and Captain Hammond on "Sergeant Murphy."

The class for Pairs Saddle Horses ridden by a lady and gentleman brought out eight pairs and

in this class Captain and Mrs. Drury riding "Boxer and Peggy" placed third, gaining a number of points upon their performance which placed them ahead of five pairs which were undoubtedly superior in regard to confirmation. In the ladies Hunter Class Mrs. Drury on "Bridget" after a clean performance over the jumps with perfect pace and manners placed third out of a class of forty entries. Captain Hammond on "Mother Bertha" placed third in the Handy Hunter Class, he also obtained several ribbons riding "Lady Keonig" owed by Mr. George F. Rand of Niagara-on-the-Lake. In the touch and out Mrs. Drury on "Bridget" had to jump off twice with five others for fourth ribbon but failed to make the grade.

The result of the Military Classes were as follows:—

Officers' chargers, Capt. L. D. Hamond, R.C.D., 1st, on "Mother Bertha", Captain M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D., on "Bobs", second. Maj. D. A. Grant, M.C., on "Peggy," third.

N.C.O.'s and men jumping: L/Cpl. E. Webb, R.C.D., on "Boxer", captured the trophy with Sergt. P. A. Green second on "Benla"; Tpr. C. H. Barker and L/Cpl. J. B. Harrison were third and fourth, respectively.

N.C.O.'s mounts: First Cpl. J. Siggins; second Sergt. J. Y. MacDonald; third L/Cpl. J. B. Harrison; fourth, S.S.M. J. Copeland, D.C.M.

In addition to our own entries the Royal Canadian Dragoons now take a considerable amount of interest in the performance of the horses, etc., from the Parkwood stables and as usual were able to applaud their winnings in numerous classes.

The Executive and members of the St. Catherines Riding and Driving Club as usual provided numerous entertainments for the benefit of the out of town exhibitors, amongst these one which is always appreciated is the supper party tendered to the grooms which took place amongst the most suitable surroundings upon the closing night of the Show.

S.M.I. T. A. Aisthorpe, D.C.M., M.M., R.C.D., performed the duties of Ringmaster in the most efficient manner and Trumpet-Major A. E. Galloway called in the competitors and at times also sounded them out.

In our last number of "The Goat" an account was given of the death of The Prince Imperial. The following is a copy of a letter written in July 1898, and was forwarded to the above office by the author, given a more correct account of the unfortunate incident.

Death of Prince Imperial.STORY OF LATE WAR
REVIVED10th Hussars Regiment Not in
South Africa at the Time, 1879

Editor, Telegram,

Sir,—In an account of an interview with an "old soldier" who served in the 10th Hussars, I was surprised to read in The Telegram that that Regiment took part in the Zulu War of 1879. They certainly were in India in that year, and in the Afghan War on that date. So I can only surmise, that Mr. West was attached to another Cavalry Regiment, who were in South Africa, until he joined his own in India. The account Mr. West gives of the death of the Prince Imperial is apt to give those who do not know the correct circumstances, a very false impression of the

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affair. The only British Cavalry Regiment connected with the death of Prince Imperial, was the 17th Lancers. The rest of the mounted forces were Colonial Scouts. The K. D. Guards took Cetewayo prisoner, at the finish. The Prince Imperial as a R.A. Cadet at Woolwich, was allowed to proceed to S.A. attached to the H.Q. Staff in the Field. This request was granted him by the War Office, after a great deal of pressure and much against their will, as they did not want to be responsible for his actions.

In June 1879, he proceeded along with Lieut. Carey, D.A.Q.G. to look out a site for a new camp for Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood. As escort were six troopers of Bettingent Horse, and one native. Mid-day they halted; some off-saddled near a krenal of five huts, close to a mealkin patch and not far from the Umbzenie River—no scouts out. They had been observed by a small party of Zulus, who under cover of a donga and high Tambouki grass, crept up close and stampeded the horses. Amidst a shower of assegais every one rushed to get mounted. Those who succeeded never looked back much, but galloped away for safety. The unfortunate Prince could not get a grip of his horse, on account of the excitement of the beast and the fact of a wallet, or a stirrup leather giving way. His horse got away, and he was left standing, but only for a few seconds, for he was stabbed to death with 17 wounds in front. There were three other casualties, two of the troopers and their native boy.

It appeared, no one thought of the Prince in the scurry, they thought he had got mounted and would rejoin. Lieut. Carey rode to camp and reported. A patrol of a Squadron of the 17th Lancers, was sent to the scene to get the body accompanied by Gen. Marshall, their Colonel, and Col. Drury-howe, of the regiment. From the top of a kopje they located the spot. After crossing a donga, and through some high grass they discovered the body of the Prince lying on a bank of sand, entirely stripped by the natives, all but a small gold locket and scapular, suspended by a tiny chain. The Natives were evidently superstitious and took this, for some sort of charm, similar to what they wear themselves.

The Lancers made a stretcher with their lances, and carried the body until they were able to secure a Field Ambulance wagon, to take it to the camp at Italazi. The body was ultimately brought to England and buried with full Military honors by the R.A. at Chislehurst, Kent. I remember it well. Lieut. Carey was subsequently sent home, Court Martialed, and cashiered. His defence was that he was not in command of the party.

T. D. MASEY,
Trooper.

GEOGRAPHICALLY SPEAKING

Waitress: "Hawaii, gentlemen. You must be hungry."

First Man: "Yes, Slam and we can't Roumania long either. Venice lunch ready?"

Waitress: I'll Russia to a table. Will you Havana?"

F.M.: "Nome, you can wait on us."

Waitress: "Good. Japan the menu yet? The Turkey is Nice."

F.M.: "Anything at all. But can't Jamaica a little speed?"

Waitress: "I don't think we can Fiji that fast, but Alaska."

F.M.: "Never mind asking any one Just put a Cuba sugar in our Java."

Waitress: "Sweden it yourself. I'm only here to Serbia."

F.M.: "Denmark our bill and call the Bosphorous. He'll probably Kenya. I don't Bolivia you know who I am."

Waitress: "No, and I don't Caribbea. Youse guys are Armenia."

Boss: "Samoa your wisecracks, don't Genoa a customer's always right. What's got India? You think maybe this arguing Alps business?"

Customer: "Canada racket! Spain in the neck."

ANOTHER CROP OF "HOWLERS"

The Brown Owl, which is issued from time to time at Brown public school, gives the following as samples of some "howlers" perpetrated by the pupils: The highest mountain in Switzerland is Blane Mange. By Magna Charta no free man could be hanged twice for the same offence. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first man to see the invisible Armada. The poll tax was paid by everyone who had a head. Robert Bruce was a Scot who kept a performing spider. The primate is the wife of the Prime Minister. The Black Prince was the son of Old King Cole.

Easter Heroes

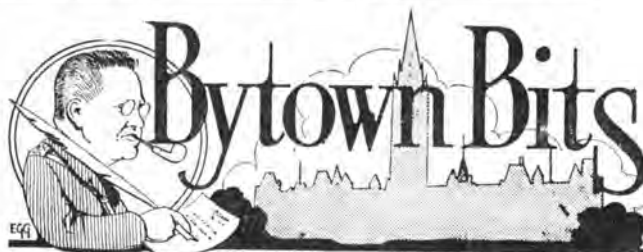
A fool and his money are soon married.

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Old Timer Gone:—The death on the 17th of June of Staff Sergt Major J. J. Paynter at Ottawa removed one of the old time pre-war N.C.O.'s. of the Ottawa Garrison, Sergt. Major Paynter served for many years in the 2nd Battery C.F.A. and was Battery Sergeant Major of that unit for some years. He was after Brigade Sergt. Major of the 8th Brigade C.F.A., which became the 1st Brigade C.F.A., on the outbreak of war. He proceeded overseas with the Brigade as Sergeant Major to the late Major-General Sir E. W. B. Morrison and was returned invalided to Canada in 1917. His funeral was largely attended by many ex-service men and the old 2nd Battery led by Brigade-General C. H. MacLaren was well represented.

Joins Dragoons: — Gentleman

Cadet T. G. Maybury, of Ottawa, has been posted to the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, upon his graduation from the Royal Military College.

Stew in Town:—Captain Stewart Bate R.C.D., was in town from St. John's recently, giving the boys and girls the once over. Stew looks remarkably fit and says the air at St. Johns has a tendency to give one that Kruschen feeling.

Training:—All units of the garrison are now hard at it with training. The 38th Highlanders have finished having been inspected the latter part of June by the D.O.C., M.D. No. 3 Brigadier W. B. Anderson. The 1st Brigade C.F.A., were likewise inspected on the 27th June and left early in July for Petawawa Camp. The P.L.D. G., 3rd Div. Signals, 3rd F.A.C.E.,

and the Field Ambulance Units together with the Machine Gunners go to Kingston for 12 days commencing the 5th July.

Transfers are Made:—Several transfers of officers have been authorized in the re-organization of the 4th Hussars. Major E. A. Devitt formerly P.L.D.G., becomes 2nd in command and Lieut. S. C. McLennan and Sergt Shirley Slinn both of the Dragoons are also moved. Sergt. Slinn becomes a lieutenant in the Hussars. Another transfer is that of Capt. P. J. Goodhouse from the 3rd Div. Train, as Quartermaster of the regiment and Major Billy Ross Machine Gun Reserves moves over also. These new officers should give the Hussars a good lift and thus increase the value of the 2nd Mounted Brigade as a unit.

For Old Timers:—Away back in 1918 the Corp. Commander, 'Black Jack' Cavanagh decided to inspect the Cavalry Corp. The inspection was for 9 o'clock. Herewith the different parade hours Troops parade 4.30 a.m., Squadron parade 5.00, Regimental 6.00, Brigade 7.00, Divisional 8.00, Corp 9.00. This was duly carried out and at 9.15 the message came through that the Corp Commander had to go to Agriens on duty. Parade cancelled. Them was the days and them was the soldiers.

Soldiering:—The above calls to mind an old defaulter at Stanley Barracks, some years ago who was very wroth at being put to white-wash stones, etc., around the barracks. He delivered himself somewhat after this fashion to a group of sympathizers. "Call that soldiering. I don't. I was in India, I sits on his blinkin' orse, three ruddy miles away. Forty thousand men in one bloomin' line. General he says, "Right wheel." Takes the blinkin' left flank man three bloody months to get around. Then what do you think the blighter says, what do you think he says, "As you were." That's soldierin'.

R.C.D. Instructors:—In the June issue the instructors for the year 1905 were mentioned and the Editor asked those who could to supply missing names. The 5th P.L.D.G., the parent regiment of the present one had Q.M.S.L. H. (Roger) Fuller attached that year. He

was from 'A' Sqn. and was also with the unit in 1906, 1908 and 1909. All these camps were at Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa. In 1907 the regiment was at Barriefield when the instructor was Lance Corporal (now Captain) James Wood. In 1907 prior to going to Kingston Q.M.S.L. N. Medhurst (now Major) was at Headquarters. At Petawawa in 1910 and 1911 Sergt. Frank Spalding acted, in 1912 and 1913 Sergt. Pete Merrix and in 1914 the late Sergt. Victor Spalding. In the years 1910 to 1914, the officer instructors to the 2nd Mounted Brigade were Lieuts. Walker H. Bell, F. Gilman and D. R. Bowle all of whom have since commanded the R.C.D.

ALL IN A PACK OF CARDS

A private soldier was taken before the magistrate of Glasgow for playing cards during divine service.

"Well, Soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much sir, I hope?"

"Very good, if not, I will punish you more than ever man was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march; I have neither Bible nor common prayer book; I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then spreading the cards before the magistrate, he began with the ace.

"When I see the ace it reminds me that there is but one God."

"When I see the deuce it reminds me of Father and Son."

"When I see the tray it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

"When I see the four it reminds me of the Four Evangelists, Mathew, Mark, Luke and John."

"When I see the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins who trimmed their lamps."

"The six reminds me that in six days the Lord made Heaven and Earth."

"The seven reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work he had made and hallowed it."

"The eight reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were saved when God destroyed the world—Noah and his wife, and his three sons and their wives."

"The ten reminds me of the Ten Commandments."

"The King reminds me of the Great King of Heaven, who is God. "The Queen reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited King Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man."

"Well," said the magistrate, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack except one."

"What is that?" said the soldier.

"The Jack," said the magistrate.

"I will give your honor a description of that too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said his honor, "if you do not term me to be the Jack."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know of it the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the magistrate, "if he is the greatest Jack, but I know he is the greatest fool."

"When I count how many spots in a pack of cards, I find 365, as many as there are days in the year."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack, I find there are 52 the number of weeks in a year, and I find four suits, the number of weeks in a month."

"I find there are 12 picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in the year."

"On counting the tricks, I find 13 the number of weeks in a quarter."

"So, you see, your honor, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac and common prayer book."

—Author Unknown

Vimy Memorial Work Progressing.

Canadian Cemeteries In France Models of Order and Beauty

Ottawa, July 2.—Owing to the size and complexity of the Canadian National Memorial at Vimy Ridge, it will probably be two or three years yet before it is entirely completed. Col. H. C. Osborn, Secretary-General of the Canadian Battlefields' Memorial Committee, indicated in an interview on his return to the capital from his annual trip to France. Speaking of the British war cemeteries, in which thousands of Canadians are buried in France, Col. Osborn said: "Relatives of Canadian soldiers may have the definite assurance that the manner in which the graves of those in whom they are interested are honored and cared for leaves nothing to be desired because the cemeteries are models of order and beauty."

"The Canadian Government committee in charge of the Vimy Memorial has always had in mind its great responsibility with respect to the character and quality of the great memorial," Col. Osborn stated, "erected in such a country as France, where it will be an object of interest and attention on the part of travellers

from all nations of Europe. They have felt, therefore, that, while the element of time is important, the only thing that will really count in the end is the merit of the memorial itself. The memorial has been designed by a Canadian artist, Walter S. Allward of Toronto, and is being erected by the Canadian Government through its commission. Thus it will be an example of the standard both of artistic excellence and fine construction desired by Canadians for such a monument. It will be therefore not only a fitting memorial to Canada's part in the war, but it will be also an expression of Canadian taste and artistic judgment."

"The names of 11,500 Canadians who lost their lives on the field of battle in France, but the site of whose graves are unknown, are already engraved on Vimy Memorial. The names of 7,500 other Canadians whose graves are unknown are already inscribed on the memorial at the Menin Gate of Ypres, these latter being the men who lost their lives fighting in Belgium."

YOUNG SOLDIER TAKES REHAT BY SURPRISE

Of interest to war veterans is a story told by Dr. Jackson, M.C.H., who has just returned from Niagara camp, where he was chief sanitation officer. While the M.O.H. was standing talking to a staff colonel of the regulars a 15-year-old recruit approached them. He had a forage cap much too large and his tunic was wide open at the top.

"Could either of you kind gentlemen oblige me with a cigarette?" was the question addressed to the astonished officers without even the formality of a salute. They were so taken aback a cigarette was produced, and with a "thank" the youth turned away again without offering any salute.

How You Know

A novelist says that he still considers women are angels.

The new low-backed evening dress is designed of course, to slip easily over the wings.

A Wacht-Naght

A natty young man on a yacht found the weather most awfully hach.

He said, "Don't you think just one little drink

Would cool us a lacht, en wacht!

Letters to the Editor.

Sheerness, Eng. 10th June
Editor "The Goat."

May I send my congratulations to 'A' Squadron, R.C.D., for their Musical Ride and Riding Act, at the Montreal Tournament in May. From various sources at Ottawa and Montreal, I hear that these two exhibitions were the best part of a very good Tournament, and that the Riding and Turn-out was never better. I have seen the Royal Tournament at Olympia four times and have picked up some useful tips for future Tournaments in Canada. The 17th Lancers and Weedon Equestrian School put on two of the best turns and the 3rd Carabiniers put on a very pretty Musical Ride.

Yours, etc

R. S. Timmis, Major.

Capt. J. Wood.

Royal Canadian Dragoons
Cavalry Barracks,
St. Johns, Que.

"The Goat" is almost the only means by which those of us in civil life are able to keep in touch

with the Regiment. It contains most interesting reminders of by-gone days. I was especially glad to see our friend Tpr. Green of 2nd Troop 'C' Squadron make his appearance on its pages. Under all circumstances, he had the happy faculty of seeing and showing to the rest of us the amusing side of every incident.

Kindest regards,

L. P. SHERWOOD.

A War Hero.

The death of Cardinal Lucan, of Rheims, removes one of the most notable ecclesiastical figures of the war period. When the German guns were trained upon Rheims, when the magnificent cathedral was trembling with their thunder, and part of the sacred edifice was actually smashed by German shells, the Archbishop stood faithfully at his post. He would not leave, though urged to retire to a place of safety. His place, he declared, was with his flock and with his beloved cathedral. He protested against the shelling of the

edifice, and continued to fulfill his duties throughout the various bombardments. Later, he made his protest more effective, and it was his fiery letter to the Pope condemning the inhumanities of the German deportation of French folk from northern France that drew from the Vatican the famous message of reuke to the German Emperor.

Cardinal Lucan was made of the stuff that wins for men in other walks of life honors and fame. The example of course he set, his calmness, his resolute determination and his abiding faith, made of Rheims Cathedral a beacon towards which Frenchmen turned their eyes in the hours of agony. The cathedral still stands, and now its many hallowed memories are enriched by the record of a life devoted to the service of God and man, and the name of Cardinal Lucan is engraved for ever upon its scroll of those who stood firm in their faith during a period when men's faith was sorely shaken. He was a war hero just as much as were Joffre and Foch, and he served his country just as loyally.

"INTERFERENCE" OR "DUFF'S LATEST BROADCAST."

It is 10.16 p.m. Daylight Saving Time, when all good Soldiers are supposed to be in bed, but are not, and all is quiet in Camp. The Canteen has closed, and the men are composing themselves for sleep, and several other night amusements. One would imagine from the Cathedral like silence that everyone was asleep, except those who were unfortunate enough to hear Last Post and Lights Out. These poor fellows will have no sleep for many hours, as the agonizing notes take a long time to sink into oblivion. However if one thinks that all is going to be quiet for long, one is very much mistaken, for with a crash as of thunder, we hear the melancholy noise of "Tom Duff" mumbbling in his beard, and the long dreaded broadcast begins.

"This is Station D.U.F.F. broadcasting from the Pioneer's Tent at Niagara. This is Tom Duff at the microphone. For to-nights talk I have selected that interesting, and fascinating, and invigo-

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rating subject, "The Duff of Duff." This is the first of a series of short talks on the great "Clan Duff."

Way back in the days when men fought with flintlocks, and pike-staff, I was asked by Cleopatra, one of the famous screen stars of that time, to stop several wars, and rumours of wars which were operating at that time, so taking my old suit of armor, (I kept the best suit for kit inspection) and, three-bladed Polo stick, I went to it.

Since quelling these wars the name of Duff has always been associated with Soldiering. (Before you came up Sergeant Major.) From that time until 1914 my career was fraught with many duals with death, that is, what time I was not supporting Regimental Institutions such as Canteens, and—Well—Canteens anyway.

After taking the Allied forces

through Palestine, Oakville, Port Credit, Hamilton, the Black Way, and other foreign Campaigns, I was promoted to Pioneer Cpl. in "B" Squadron. From that time on I was engaged in training Polo ponies, applying the leg, and swinging it as only a Duff knows how, if you don't believe this gentleman, I have certificates of Engineering to prove it. Tom Duff speaking.—At this stage Tom is beset with many invitations to "Muzzle it" "Put a sock in it" "Keep it dark" "Wrap it up" and you silly old.—Turn over and Die" so the broadcast comes to a welcome close. This programme is broadcast by remote control, so remote in fact that it is impossible to turn it off.

Next week we will have for our subject "Duff of the Engineers" and anyone wishing a pass for that date, may obtain same by applying at the Sgtd. office. Whoppee.

The Royal Tournament 1930.

To "write up" this wonderful show annually in such a way as to avoid boring the subscribers to a regimental journal by repetition is a feat that I find increasingly difficult as each occasion comes around.

I have however, a pleasant note to introduce this year in being able to state that through the courtesy of the Honorary Secretary I was given the freedom of the "Press" box, a fact that I am sure will be as much appreciated by the Editor of "The Goat" and his "public" as it was the writer.

The performance was graced by the presence in the Royal Box of their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, who were received with the National Anthem.

The first event was a heat in the jumping competition for H. R.H. the Prince of Wales' cup for officers.

Five officers appeared in this class and whilst there was no faultless performance, the jumping as a whole was of a high standard. The Musical Drive by "J" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, next claimed the attention of the large audience, and this battery well upheld the reputation that the Horse Gunners have built up at Olympia. It was noticeable that not a man in the drive wore a

medal, and this goes to show that it was a young soldier's drive, which made their exhibition the more creditable. A lance sergeant was driving the lead team of one gun, and one of the horses sported a blinker over the off eye. Pace was good and dressing always correct, whilst the wheel into line for the salute to the Royal Box was magnificent. Well done the R.H.A.

The window, ladder and rope climbing display by the P and R.T. School Portsmouth, involved 80 men of all branches of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines. I say "involved" advisedly because the word is so apt when one has seen this turn. My admiration for the agility displayed, the utter nonchalance of the manner in which these splendid chaps did their work at a height of 50 feet above the arena—and no nets—is only equalled by any thankfulness that "no such thing" was ever required from a cavalry man.

These handy men were succeeded in the arena by more of their brethren of the sea services and here the Royal Navy from the Victory, competed with a team of the Royal Marines in the usual Field Gun Display. This is always carried out at the gallop, so to speak and it involves mounting a field gun, hurling its component parts over and through se-

veral obstacles, assembling and firing 3 rounds, again disassembling and taking the gun back to the starting point and reassembling, which performance was carried out by the Navy team in 5 minutes 45 seconds, my readers can perhaps appreciate that—well it wouldn't do any ones rheumatism any good to be roped in for anything of this nature.

The next item on the program was the Musical Ride by the 3rd Carabiniers (P.O.W. Dragoon Guards.) I was interested to note that they were wearing the double white stripped breeches as formerly worn by the 6th D.G.S. with whom they were bracketed after the war. This is a graceful compliment to the memory of a fine regiment, and for that I like it, but the double white stripe does not go well with a scarlet tunic, yellow facings, and red and black helmet plume. As for the ride itself I am no believer in "darning with faint praise" and I regret to say that it is about as poor a ride as I have seen. No pace, careless dressing, and no man seemed to be riding. Horses would not passage, and some would not rein back. Too much time taken up with a waltz. The star was well done when they got into the figure, but they made a bad approach and a worse break away. Helmets and tunics were badly fitted and I got the impression that most of the men were entirely unused to review order and felt uncomfortable.

The charge from both ends of the arena was half hearted and what would have been a splendid salute was spoiled by the almost lazy way in which lances were first raised and then lowered to the ground.

The best thing in the whole ride was the way in which they left the ring at the Gallop in sections. Sorry Carabiniers, but you are a long way beneath Olympic standard.

A turn that re-established an old cavalryman's pride in his branch of the service after the aforementioned fiasco was that given by the Equitation School.

Horses trotting daintily and pleasantly over bars raised about 6 inches from the ground, single footing between each bar, then jumping 4 in and out, each in one stride, then meeting an advancing rope held between two mounted

men and jumping it, was only the preliminary to better riding and higher training on the part of both men and horses. A ramp or pylon in the ring was composed of two lower platforms covered with thick matting, and having a central story also covered with matting about 3 feet above the level of the lower ones. No guards rails surrounded either of these platforms, and horses jumped from them at all angles with the cleverness and ease of cats. Off saddling at the gallop, taking off serges, and putting them on going over jumps, and many other incidents were shown to a delighted audience, and well did these young Cavalrymen deserve the ovation they got at the end of their ride. Not a man or a horse at fault or even concerned all the way through. Splendid, very inadequately describes this ride.

A Fencing Display by Army Instructors was charming in its grace and beauty of movement, and the sword dance performed without music was a delight to watch.

Trick Riding by the 17/21st Lancers embraced many new turns and the tentpegging was amusing and clever to a degree. A just pace was maintained all through, the comic element was happily supplied by some clowns and a hobby horse and cart, and the final salute was carried out with a dash and vigour truly characteristic of the "Death or Glory" boys who added a distinctly Western touch by a salvo of revolver fire as they lined up. Being all dressed in black with a skeleton outlined on the light fitting costumes, they presented a weird sight as they careered madly through the ride, which never lacked speed and vim from start to finish. BRAVO.

The Piping Display by the Pipers and Drummers of the Scots Guards was a spectacle full of colour and movement, both martial and stately and I am certain that "ony mon we" Highland laddie" in his veins must have almost "ganer agley" at the sight and sound. Verily that was a proud Drum Major at the head and right lustily did he chuck a chest. He had something to be proud of too, "Hoots Men, the you were hraw' wee laddie. They were good enough for a free issue of haggis or what ever it is that Scotsmen

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An Historical display by the 2nd Battalion the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) was splendidly staged and dressed. Every period of this fine old corps was faithfully depicted, even down to Eastern kit (light drill khaki, Wolseley helmets, and shorts) as well as the present day service dress and Review Order. The band and drums were in scarlet and the whole men was well carried out, and scored distinctly over previous events of this nature in not being too long drawn out. London ought to be proud of its own Fusiliers.

The Tug-of-War (Final) for the 110 stone Royal Navy Championship was fought out between the teams from Chatham and Devonport and resulted in a win for Chatham. They got the first pull, but Devonport held them and won the second pull after a tug of 4 minutes and 20 seconds. They had not enough left with them however to hang on for the last pull, and their opponents pulled them over easily almost as soon as the rope tightened.

H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught presented medals to the winning team immediately after the results to the accompaniment of loud cheers from the house, who had witnessed a most dogged battle between two first class teams.

The Combined Display by the R.A. and R.E. Infantry, and Royal Tank Corps provided a wonderful example of the amazing efficiency of the three technical branches gave Londoners a rare opportunity of seeing a Mule battery. I hope that's the right term for them. I am also intrigued to know if it is really necessary to hold a mule by the tail when he is going down a slope, as this ceremony was inflicted upon every mule as he walked over the pontoon bridges.

This display ended the performance in a very worthy manner and except for the Musical Role which may improve as the run of The Tournament progresses, I consider the troops taking part are playing up well to the high standard always expected at Olympia.

J. F. Dec.

Good in Tent

Holiday campers are people who want to sleep in the open air, but are too proud to be night-watchmen.

Reminiscences of Service with the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

By Major R. B. Nordheimer, M.C.

Chapter XII

The Somme Offensive

Much has been written about the Battle of the Somme and the minor part played by mounted troops, but it was not until the second Battle of Cambrai, that the Higher Command realized that Cavalry action could not be regulated along the same set lines of an Infantry attack. Tying the hands of the Cavalry Commander in such a way to preclude the possibility of moving the Cavalry forward at a propitious moment, irrespective of Infantry success, quite hindered any Cavalry exploits and mounted troops immobile through no fault of their own. Most orders to Cavalry at this time, called for an advance dependant on the Infantry capturing certain objectives, and in many instances, especially at Cambrai much valuable time was lost, because one or two objectives remained in the hands of the enemy, which in no way effected the possible launching of a cavalry attack on other points of the line.

At 2 a.m. July 1st, 1916, "Dominion Day", orders were received by the Canadian Cavalry Brigade lying at "BUSSY-LES-BAULTS", to move forward over the Cavalry trail and act as an Advance Guard to the Division. The Royal Canadian Dragoons acted as Advance Guard point of assembly and Major Timmis and I rode to MAMETZ to reconnoitre for the Brigadier. Our heavy batteries were now all in action, and the noise was deafening. Early reports from the front, were to the effect that the attack on the 20 mile front was going well, but the heavy rains had impeded progress. As the day advanced it became evident that the defensive system precluded a rapid advance and that the use of mounted troops would be indefinitely postponed. In consequence, we moved back to BUSSY near our Railhead in the evening tired and very disappointed.

The next couple of days were anxious ones but the news still was

good and the capture of FRI-COUR, gave us hope of an early advance. The weather continued bad, incessant rain making the roads and tracks veritable quagmires. On July 5th, orders were issued to form a dismounted party in case re-inforcements were needed, and we were divided in 6 Platoons per Regiment of 50 men and one Subaltern each. Bowie was given command of the Regimental Part with myself as second in command. The Offensive had by this time dwindled down to consolidation of captured ground and the continuous rain made further advances impossible. It became evident to us that the Air Force dominated the front and we were seldom compelled to seek concealment from hostile planes. The Artillery duel went on incessantly but very little trench activity other than pumping water from waterlogged ditches. On July 13th, we again moved off and reached our assembly point near ALBERT at 2 p.m. We were about 7 miles from our front line and could clearly see the shrapnel bursting

The Annual Picnic of the Old Comrades Association will take place Saturday August 2nd at Niagara-on-the-Lake. "B" Squadrans Mounted sports will be held in conjunction with those of the Association. Travel by 9.15, D.S.T. Fare return \$1.10, children 55 cents. Lunch and refreshments supplied. Tickets available at the Canada Steamship Pier from the committee.

over the trenches. The 1st Cavalry Division moved up and bivouacked on our right and we are expecting the attack on the 2nd enemy trench system to commence at 3.30 a.m. At the given hour July 14th, the bombardment opened with increased intensity and at 7 a.m. we moved up across filled in trenches to the MAMETZ valley. We halted behind a crest S.W. of MONTAUBAN and the Secunderabad Brigade moved as Advance Guard, with the Anabala Brigade in support and ourselves in Reserve. In spite of some shelling we lost only one horse and waited all day till 8 p.m. when we moved back to Vile to water. On July 15th, the 1st Division moved up and 1 Squadron of the 7th Dra-

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goon. Guards were in action at High Wood.

Our horses were beginning to show signs of lack of water and we had had no bread issued for three days and subsisted mostly on iron rations. Tommy Moss and I obtained permission to ride up to the front and succeeded in reaching MONTAUBON and pushed on dismounted to DERNAY WOOD where we luckily escaped a shell which burst about 8 feet away.

We could see HIGH WOOD captured the night before and held by the South African troops being heavily shelled, also LONGEVALL. It was interesting to see our Field guns right up in the reserve trenches and everywhere was devastating from guns and explosives. Thinking that desertion was the better part of valour, we returned and rode through the now ruined MAMETZ AND FRICOURT to our bivouac at Ville-Sur-Ancres. On this date I received and lost a valued friend. I acquired a fine pony in "The Rabbit" which I traded from O'Gogarty our Veterinary, received from home a letter telling of the death of "Victor" my much prized English Bull Terrier, the sire of my kennel and a great pal. On July 24th we moved back to Bussy-Les-Daumes and pitched our bivouac on the same spot we had left on the first. It was a great disappointment for we realized we would not be used in action after all, weather and other causes being against the advance. It was noteworthy however, that the 1st Army, who were carrying out the offensive, received more heavy guns per month, than the entire British Expeditionary Force mustered in 1914.

On August 4th, I was detailed to command the Brigade dismount-

ed party who were up near MAMETZ digging trenches and artillery shelters, and went up with Gen. Seeley to take over. Knight of the Fort Garry Horse was unfortunately killed by a shell near Caterpillar Wood, just outside Mametz, our first serious casualty. We had to march four miles to work each morning and arrive at our destination by 5.30 a.m. We worked till 11 a.m. and then marched back, under full view coming and going. We had plenty of opportunity to view the old German lines and were struck by the splendid protection their dug-outs afforded. Many had every luxury including electric light, and gave ample cover against anything but a direct hit by a very heavy shell.

Summer Horse Shows Near Chicago.

The Annual Horse Show at the India Hill Riding Club, was held on June 14th and as usual, provided plenty of interest to the many spectators. This year the show was held on the LONGMEADOW HUNT Grounds, and an outside hunter course was an innovation much admired. The Show was mostly of a local character but the events provided keen competition. Major Nordheimer's "Prince" ridden by Miss Eleanor Berger, won the Ladies Hunter Class and took second place in the Hunter Class. In the Junior Hunter Class, the same horse ridden by Donald McPherson Jr., took first place and in the final event, the Open Jumping, took the Blue Ribbon ridden by the Owner.

The Lake Forrest Horse Show was held on June 20th and 21st and over 140 of the finest Hunters in the West competed. The American Army Olympic Team under Major Chamberlain, gave daily exhibitions over the Olympic Course and competed in the Hunt Team Class, which they won, the Stake Class and Touch and Out, both of which they won. In the Touch and out class, "Golden Prince" took third place the Olympic Team capturing 1st, 2nd and 4th Mr. John R. Thompson's Hunt Team, led by Major Nordheimer, took 2nd place in the Hunt Teams and in the Hunter Pair Class, "Golden Prince" ridden by Mrs. Wm. B. McIlvaine, Jr., and "Gold-

en Glow" owned by Mr. W. H. Wildes and ridden by Major Nordheimer, took 3rd place.

It is significant to note, that in all shows this year, the entries have increased over previous years and the quality of the horses has shown a marked improvement. Here still seems a tendency to lean too far towards conformation, the percentage at Lake Forrest being 60% for Conformation and 40% for Manners and Performance. At Fort Sheridan on July 8th and 19th, much of the tedious delay in judging conformation classes will be avoided by judging all horses for conformation on the morning of the Show and keeping the points allotted intact during the various events. This procedure is to be commended and might well be adopted throughout the various Horse Shows.

"The Lake Forrest Horse Show" With apologies to The Chicago Tribune.

The magnificent grounds of the exclusive playground of millionaires, the Onwentsia Country Club, were thronged with the cream of North Shore Society on the occasion of the fifteenth annual horse show. The gaily bedecked stands radiated colour and the verdant turf blended harmoniously with the latest shades of imported frocks worn by the interested spectators. Mr. Torrence Larnour, the popular chairman of the exclusive horse show committee, is to be congratulated on having the events seen by an audience whose names are seen wherever society gathers.

Among those present were: The Bostin Ribnacks; Mr. Bostin Ribnack, being master of the pack; The Torrence Larnours, Mrs. Larnour in a cunning green organdy patin creation; the Bran Flakes, in conventional equestrian garb; Mrs. Bran Flake riding her splendid hunter "Rickety Fanny," Mrs.

The Annual Picnic of the Old Comrades Association will take place Saturday August 2nd at Niagara-on-the-Lake. "B" Squadrons Mounted sports will be held in conjunction with those of the Association. Travel by 9.15. D.S.T. Fare return \$1.10. children 55 cents. Lunch and refreshments supplied. Tickets available at the Canada Steamship Pier from the committee.

Owing Fair, whose two ex-lux bands shared her charming box. Mrs. Fair Owen, with her fascinating daughter, whose exploits on the courts and in the courts have made her internationally famous; Mrs. Bramble Horne, carrying her well known pokenese, winner of many blue ribbons; The Misses Snooty, in imported gowns of lavender crepe de chine, with parasols and hip flasks to match, and many members of Lake Forrest's exclusive young set.

The winners of the horse show events, which were too numerous to mention in these columns, are to be congratulated on being permitted to exhibit their horses in such a charming setting.

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SOLDIERING.

On The Cambrai

For days—weeks—had we been travelling in the general direction of the line. Invariably the journeying was done at night and the most enthusiastic and loyal of Cavalymen cannot but confess that a brigade of Cavalry on the move takes a deal of time and room to traverse congested areas. How these foot-sloggers used to heartily curse us! Why should they not?

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They were very wet—very tired and very resentful. Seemed to think we mounted chaps had the best of the bargain. Had we, I wonder? We who had travelled afoot with the pack would not hesitate to change places with the chaps who had themselves alone to care for when time permitted for rest and sleep.

However—big things are about to take place and we are to be in it up to the neck. Not before time either. Throughout the Somme show we "stood to" with the thought that at last the time had come for us to go forth in our might and ride down the fleeing enemy. But the enemy refused to move according to programme and with our tails dragging in the mud we returned to back areas for training. The much vaunted Cavalry were going back to comfort and safety while the Infantry stuck there in the mud and suffered. At least that's how the Infantrymen put it. If they only knew just these periods in back areas meant to most of us they would speak differently.

But now we are back again and perhaps these Infantry chaps will have the opportunity of seeing the rather despised Cavalry people doing their stuff in a blaze of glory.

Details of the coming show are issued on November 17th '17. It is to be rather a big stunt. No less than the surrounding and capture of Cambrai by the Cavalry. The Canadian Cavalry Brigade is to have the honour of leading off on the merry adventure. The Fort Garrys will be the advance regiment, followed by the Dragoons. Great stuff! Continuous shell-fire indicates that the enemy anticipates this offensive and a jolly time can safely be expected. All seem tremendously excited over the stunt and quite ready to go in to win.

The show opens under cheerful auspices on November 20th. We left Tineourt at one o'clock on a dreary morning—travelled until five and dismounted for a couple of hours in which to sleep. In all this excitement it is strange to realize that men are no kinder to each other here than they are in back areas. By this I mean that

the popular idea that men who are close to possible and great danger are bigger and better than when they are in comparative safety is all wrong. They are totally unchanged. For example. In this instance we had done a deal of travelling and were very tired. No sooner (it seemed) had I composed myself for a nap when my section corporal arouses me with the cheerful news that as I was orderly for the day it was necessary for me to take the dixies and scrounge around for water for tea. Pervertedly did I consign both he and his dixies to the devil before settling down again to sleep. He returns. Am I going to get the water? No! not by a damned sight. After repeating the usual formula about me considering myself a prisoner he wakes another chap who departs like a lamb and brings back the water. Now here is what I am getting at. I knew it was my "turn" as orderly. Under the circumstances one would suppose I would gladly perform the duties of such. Soon are we to be up against it and by all the rules of war-fare as laid down by writers of war yarns I should have arisen with a song in my heart because there was a little something I could do to increase the comfort of my comrades. This I most certainly did not do. Instead pass the buck—some poor unfortunate does extra work and I am under arrest for neglecting to obey an order. The corporal sort of apologizes for the necessity of bringing me up before Jessie James who shows a bigger understanding of men than I expected by letting me go unpunished. This is all very trivial no doubt but is enough to bear out my contention that men are pretty much the same under any circumstances.

From seven until 11, while those priceless Infantrymen of ours are going ahead and clearing the way, we are stuck in the open awaiting the word to go. Although there is a deal of noise the shells of the enemy are far from us which indicates that the Infantry are proceeding right on toward Germany.

At eleven o'clock comes the word to mount and away we go on a wild ride across open country. What a ride—what an unforgettable experience! The Infantry have done their work splendidly and thoroughly. Quickly we cross the original front line trenches in the wake

of many tanks and supporting infantry. Next we cross trenches bearing German names and spirits rise as excitement increases. There is plenty of movement but little noise for the advance seems to have developed better than expected. Hundreds of prisoners are making their way back to the rear. They look no worse than we ourselves would appear under similar conditions. Have been through a terrible time and now seem as though they have lost all interest and have ceased to care just what happens. Misinformed people are fond of prating of the un concealed joy on faces of men captured in battle. Of the prisoners I have seen (and they are many) I have yet to see the man who congratulated himself on his "good luck" in getting out of the war in this fashion. This feeling may develop at a later date immediately after a show the poor devils are subjects of sincere pity. So many dazed and blank expressions are not pleasant to see. All animus—if any existed—is gone. British and German help each other whenever possible which all goes to make one marvel at the senselessness of it all. There is something really great in the sight of a wounded Britisher and a wounded German helping each other back to a dressing station. If there be any thing noble in war-fare, it is here. Two "enemies" caring for each other. Gives one to think and to wonder more than is good for him as to the why's and wherefore's. But as this is not a treatise on the legality of war-fare I had better reserve my opinions on a most engrossing subject for some future occasion.

One notes with amazement the number of tanks lying around in strange positions. Some a smouldering and the uninitiated wonders what there is in a tank that can burn. We are proceeding at the gallop and sensations are gathered on the fly as it were. Already have the dead been buried. This greatly impress me. Wonderful efficiency after all in the Army of ours.

The enemy must have observed us for as we approach the village of Meznieres we are shelled heavily. Pace is increased until reaching a screen facing the canal where we pull up and dismount for a breather. It is comforting to find we have suffered no casualties so far. Already have the Garrys en-

tered the village by a bridge spanning the canal. None know what they are doing but all realize we are shortly to follow and that's enough for ones mind. In the meantime the enemy has a creeping barrage crawling slowly but terribly surely towards the screen behind which we shelter. Rather rotten standing there! One feels so utterly helpless and useless. Not a thing to do but stand there and take it. Unless a move is soon made we will all be done in without firing a single shot. Cheering prospect! Why the devil don't they move us? Better anything than this awful inactivity. If we're got to get it, at least let there be some movement to our going. The barrage creeps closer and a few shrapnel bullets fall amongst us. Is this to be the inglorious end? Damn 'em all. Why don't they do something. Let's make a run for it at all events. Nothing is done, however, and there we stand—not saying much—just waiting and hoping that it will not hurt so very much. Nice pickle to be in just the same. We, who were going to do so much to be wiped out in this ordinary manner! Altogether wrong, somehow—not a bit like the way Cavalrymen are supposed to go out. There we waited and then

the miracle happened. The barrage came no closer. Just a matter of another 25 yards and it would have been just too bad for the Dragoons (or was it only "C" Squadron?—Am not quite certain). As it was that precious 25 yards remained uncovered and although bits of shell continued to fall on the outskirts of the assembly, I think none were wounded although am sure that every man jack of us had the wind up more than he will confess to at this late date.

(To be continued)

A Levee.

If a Londoner, arriving in the course of his daily peregrinations at the lower end of St. James Street hard by the Palace itself, observes that the police constables on duty thereabouts are in "Review Order"—tunnies, medals and white gloves, and if the aforesaid Londoner happens to be "late" of either of the services, he will know at once that either His Majesty, or His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is holding a Levee that morning.

Should the ceremony already be in progress, and our friend continues along, past the Courtyard of

the Palace, into the Mall, he will find drawn up there a Sovereign's Escort of Life Guards or Blues, according to which regiment is stationed in town at the moment.

A Levee is indeed a wonderful sight, and full of interest to every one of the onlookers.

Fancied familiarities with the different full dress uniforms of the various branches of the services is put to a very severe test there and the writer has never yet met anyone capable of naming correctly the extraordinary assortment of kit to be seen on these occasions.

At a recent levee for instance I saw a stalwart young subaltern faultlessly turned out in a green dragoon uniform, the tunic of which had lancer cuffs and piped seams and scarlet facings, whilst the overalls had red stripes. Brass helmet and scarlet plume,—now my brethren of the sword, what regiment was that? Answer Essex Yeomanry. Here's another one. Dragoon kit again, but green overalls and yellow stripe. This gentleman was too far away for me to identify him, but he certainly looked smart.

Groups of Guardes's, flights of Air Force officers, in their strai-

gely foreign looking kit, hordes of Horses Gunners bexies of Bays, heaps of Engineers in their awful looking new busby with leather chin strap and plume at the side, that the Army Council have inflicted upon them and the equally unfortunate Field Artillery recently go to make up the kaleidoscope of color, as they move in and out of the main entrance under the arch.

Field-M Marshals here and there. The Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Somewhere in all his pomp of lawn sleeves and ecclesiastical robes is seen talking in a benevolent way to the policeman who has signalled a taxi for him.

Admirals of the Fleet, ablaze with gold lace and decorations hobnobbing with perhaps a legal luminary in all the glory of scarlet rope, ermine and wig.

Diplomats in plain Court dress make way for dashing Hussars with dolman and hessian boots who look as though they had stepped right out of the Peninsular wars to grace St. James Street that morning.

High police officials from all over the Empire, here sport all the magnificence they are capable of, and the gallant Highland

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officers adds in no small degree to the glamour of this peculiarly London event.

Men known all over the world as the Empire's greatest leaders of men, or famed for their learning strangely enough mostly pass unrecognized as they pick their way to their waiting cars.

Provincial Mayors and newly appointed Lieutenants of Counties looking uncomfortable in Court Dress and scarlet uniform, which they are obviously wearing for the first time, and just as ob-

viously hoping they will never have to wear again, subside quietly behind pillars until such times as their cars arrive to take them away to plain clothes—the oblivion from which they have perforce had to emerge for a brief while.

At last the ceremony is over and simultaneously with the moving off of the escort back to Buckingham Palace, there emerges from the levee entrance of St. James' some of those very fine and distinguished officers now serving as members of His Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, and their splendid tailed scarlet coats, gauntlets gilt helmets with white feathers, gold faced overalls and handsome swords, together with the inevitable row of medals and decorations, make a fitting climax to a splendid show, combined with the inspiring strains of a Guard's band as the Guard of Honour who have been on duty, march off in the direction of Wellington Barracks on the other side of the Park.

J. F. Dee.

The following is an appreciation of "B" Squadron's activities at the recent "Tattoo" held at Kitchener, Ont., as witnessed by an old comrade Chas. H. Meeker, who wishes to be remembered to his comrades in the regiment, and again thank the participants for their excellent showing.

Great Hormanship.

Large Crowd Thrilled by Marvelous Work of Royal Canadian Dragoons.

The military splendor of another tattoo was written into the history of this city last night July 2nd, 1930, when between 6,000 and 7,000 people thronged the Victoria Park athletic grounds to witness the ninth brilliant spectacle to be staged by the Kitchener Musical Society. With the exception of a rather sharp cool breeze the night was ideal for the presentation of the varied program which well sustained the traditions established by the society. Judging from the appearance of grandstand bleachers and extra benches placed in front of the stand it was a "full house" that cheered the various acts that made up the bril-

liant ensemble.

Outstanding among the galaxy of features presented throughout the evening was the performance of the Royal Canadian Dragoons of Toronto, in their spectacular musical ride which was replete with exhibitions of skilled horsemanship. The Dragoons have been in this city upon former occasions and were therefore no strangers to the throngs that cheered them last night. Their performance was characterized, however, by many new features which added particular lustre to the evening's entertainment.

It was only as a result of the special effort put forward by Hon. Hon. W. D. Euler, minister of national revenue, that the appearance of the Dragoons was secured for the tattoo this year. The society unable to receive the assent of the military for the visit of the famous Canadian military horsemen, placed its case before Mr. Euler who immediately appealed to the minister of national defence and in this manner was able to secure for the public of the Twin City the opportunity of once more witnessing the spectacular horsemanship of these soldiers. The Society through its officers expresses its deep appreciation to Hon. Mr. Euler for his outstanding service in this respect.

The program presented by the Dragoons was entirely new to the thousands of spectators that crowded practically every available seat on the grounds. They created much humor and excitement by their presentation of the musical chair which was a keen contest with sixteen horsemen riding in a circle around a row of 15 chairs. When the music stopped without warning the riders had to dismount and leading their horses race to secure a chair. It was an elimination contest with the loser stepping out until there were but two horsemen left in the contest for one chair.

Thrilling Tent Pegging

Another feature of the Dragoons' program was the tent pegging contest in which teams of four horsemen each raced at four tent pegs with the purpose of picking a peg on the tip of their swords. This contest was a thriller. The jumping contest was another of the Dragoons' thrillers. Never have they been seen in this city to better effect and the great applause that followed their performance was an evidence of the public appreciation manifested at their appearance here.

The "Riley" Shield.

An event which was the cause of a great deal of interest to the officers of the 17th Hussars, who were recently in Camp at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., was held on the afternoon of June 25th last, when the annual race for the above Trophy took place under favourable weather conditions. During their stay in St. Johns, the weather was not what you would call "lovely", but for the day of the event the roads were in much better condition than what they had been a few days previously, thus assuring a good turnout of the officers of the Hussars. Lt.-Col. J. J. Riley, a former Commanding Officer of the Hussars was the cause of the keen competition that was noticed during the race, he having donated the trophy to be competed for annually, under the following conditions. The course choosing was to cover 6½ miles, and the time stipulated was 45 minutes. The race to be known as a "Despatch Ride" with the idea of "Horsemanship" in view. A competitor who made the run in the shortest time possible, with the least fatigue to the horse and himself was declared the winner. Following are the points that each rider had

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100 for Condition
100.75 Good
75.50 Fair
50.25 Poor
25.0 Bad.

After a 38 minute ride Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D. was declared winner of the Ride.

Following is the judges decision.

Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D.	100
Lt. V. W. Hugman, 17th Hussars	94
Major H. W. Johnston 17th Hussars	92
Major H. R. R. Steele, 17th Hussars	75
Lt. A. Newroth 17th Hussars	74
Lt. A. A. Haemmerl 17th Hussars	69
Lt. W. A. Murray 17th Hussars	56
Major S. A. Terroux 17th Hussars	47
Lt. R. Thompson 17th Hussars	47
Lt. R. Thompson 17th Hussars	25

Several of the officers who took part in the event, were evidently not familiar with the route which they were supposed to take, and two or three of them were soon off their bearings and by the time that they could rectify their mistake, and get on to the right track again, they lost several valuable points which they could ill afford to lose.

FENCING

A considerable improvement was noticed this year to the 'Fencing' exhibition that was given on the barracks square, by the N.C.O.'s, and men of the 17th Hussars, during their short stay with us for their annual training. Several of the encounters were quite exciting to the onlookers, in fact so exciting that several of the broom handles in the Stables have become broken in a most inexplicable manner. The following are the results of a good night's sport.

Epee

1st Cpl. Prevost, R. 'A' 17th Hrs.			
2nd Tpr. Clements			
G.	**	**	**
3rd Tpr. McCarron,			
G.	**	**	**
4th L/Cpl. McLaren.			
D.J.	**	**	**

Foil

1st Cpl. Prevost, R.	**	**	**
----------------------	----	----	----

2nd L/Tpr. McLaren,			
D.J.	**	**	**
3rd Tpr. Roy, A	**	**	**
4th Cpl. Baker, W	**	**	**
Sabre			
1st Cpl. Cleary	**	**	**
2nd Cpl. Prevost R.	**	**	**
3rd L/Cpl. McLaren	**	**	**
D.J.	**	**	**

The second troop wins with total of 29 points.

1st troop	13
2nd Troop	1

AN ACCOUNT OF MY RECENT TRIP BY ROAD FORM ST. SEPHEN, N.B., TO SUSSEX CAMP, N.B. WITH THE NEW BRUNSWICK DRAGOONS.

So many of my friends in New Brunswick have asked me to write a detailed account of my trip by road, that the following is I believe a very good account of our trip and I hope that when my friends see this little effort of mine in "The Goat", they will excuse me if I have overlooked any minor detail.

In the first place I reported to Major Spinney at St. George, June 18th and I was asked by him to report to Lieut. Ralph Evans at St. Stephens, to assist him in bringing horses from there to St. George.

I reported to Lieut. Ralph Evans and was made extremely welcome. After checking over all saddlery, and equipment that afternoon, arrangements were made whereby we would be ready to proceed on our way at 8 p.m., the following evening, June 19th.

All the men and horses assembled in the "Court yard" of the "Queens Hotel" at 6.30 p.m. and after getting all horses fitted with saddlery and all the men's equipment adjusted we were ready to leave at a few minutes after 8.00 p.m.

We had 9 men mounted, but had 14 horses, which left us 5 horses to lead, and that's where the fun began.--I must not forget my own part as far as a "Bucking" horse is concerned that was wished on me at the last moment. Well to make a long story short, after much excitement we managed to get that "fiery steed" saddled up. Oh! and I must not forget to mention the important fact that the day we left was Election day at St. Ste-

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phens, so the reader can imagine the crowd that was assembled to see us depart on our journey, and incidentally I know for a fact, to see what was going to happen to the man that was going to ride the "bucker" as it was known by all and sundry.

Now I come to my part in the evenings entertainment, and I am sure that the crowd were not disappointed in any respect. After getting a gentleman to oblige me, by holding up one of the quadrupeds fore legs I attempted to mount. Unfortunately for me the aforementioned gentleman dropped his hold of the "fiery steed's" fore leg too soon, the result being a complete somersault for me over his head (the horse's head not the gentlemen's) and to make matters worse for myself, I heard an old gentleman in the crowd saying to his companion over and over again "What did I tell you" "What did I tell you" He' He' He. Well I mounted the "fiery Steed" again, and after a lot of plunging, and jumping around, he went into reverse gear until stopped by coming into contact with the wall of the billiard parlor nearby.

By this time the little cavalcade had moved off under Lieut. Evans and I and my "steed" were still performing evolutions on the main street, most of the said evolutions consisting of going into reverse about 10 miles per hour.

After nearly going through one or two plate glass windows, by way of diversion, he decided to lay down in the middle of the road, but was persuaded to get up on his feet and continue the journey.

When I stop to consider that we

had with us 7 men who had practically no experience in saddle riding, and had to lead horses that just would not lead, they had to be practically dragged along, it speaks highly of the conduct of those boys, who bore it all without a murmur, and although the distance was 40 miles, and it took us 10 hours to make the trip (as we were unable to proceed faster than a walk, on account of the led horses) it could not have been done in less time, under the same circumstances, by trained cavalrymen.

On our arrival at St. George the following morning, we were met by Major Spinney who conducted us to his residence, where he had a line already for us to tie up to. After off saddling and inspecting the horses for galls, etc., the troops were dismissed for a well earned rest and orders were issued to leave the next morning by 8.00 a.m.

We left the next morning promptly at 8.00 a.m. and after a noon day halt for about an hour and a half proceeded on our way about 7 or 8 miles from St. John, to our bivouac at Spruce Lake N.B. The approximate distance for the trip being about 30 miles.

I would like to add here, that feed for the horses, and men, as well as tents, heel pegs and build up ropes, were carried by motor transport, and when we arrived at our noon day halt places, and at our night bivouacs we found everything in readiness for us, tents being up, and horse lines ready, etc.

This second stage of our journey was done without mishap, or any untoward event worth record-

ing. The time for this trip of 30 miles including a two hour halt and a halt of 10 minutes in every hour being about 8 hours.

We were ready to proceed on our way the next morning by 8.00 a.m. Our next bound being a little Village near Hampton (unfortunately I cannot recall the name of the place) however it is about 40 miles from Spruce Lake. Of course we had the usual noonday halts and the hourly halt. This part of the trip was accomplished in about 10 hours including all halts.

We left here at 8 a.m. the next morning, arriving at our destination at Sussex Camp about 5.00 p.m.

This part of our journey consisted of about 24 miles, but we took it by easy stages, so as to prevent any chance of any excessive galls as the heat during the whole of our trip from St. George was

extreme, and horses unused to being saddled for such a length of time are more susceptible to galls than trained saddled horses, so that the latter part of our journey, took us 9 hours inclusive of halts every hour, and the noon day halt.

On our arrival our horses were inspected by the V.O. and were reported in good condition, our only ailment being a few minor girth galls and one pinched wither caused by a Colonial Saddle.

During the whole of his trip a distance of 134 miles I could not fail to be impressed by the beauty of New Brunswick, its rolling hills and beautiful valleys, being in direct contrast with the flatness of Quebec.

I have heard before of the hospitality of the New Brunswick people and I must say that in this respect they more than lived up to their reputation.

R. Hider, Sgt.

DOWN ON THE FARM

Down on the farm 'bout half-past 4,
I slip on my pants and sneak out the door,
Out in the yard I run like the dickens
To milk all the cows and feed all the chickens,
Clean out the barnyard, curry Maggie and Jiggs
Separate the cream and slop all the pigs,
Hustle two hours, and then eat like a Turk;
By heck! I am ready for a full day's work
Then I grease the wagon and put on the rack,
Throw a jug of water in the old grain sack,
Hitch up the mules, slip down the lane,
Must get the hay in, looks like rain.
Look over yonder, sure as I am born,
Cows on the rampage, hogs in the corn.
Back with the mules, then for recompense
Maggie gets astraddle the barbed-wire fence,
Joints all aching, muscles in a jerk,
Whoop! Fit as a fiddle for a full day's work.
Work all the summer till winter is nigh
Then figure at the bank and heave a big sigh.
Work all the year, didn't make a thing,
Less cash now than I had last spring.
Some folks say there ain't no hell,
Shucks! They never farmed; how can they tell?
When spring rolls 'round I take another chance
As fuzz grows longer on my old grey pants,
Give my galluses a hitch, belt another jerk,
By gosh! I am ready for a full year's work.

MANY THINGS SEEM ODD AT FIRST SIGHT

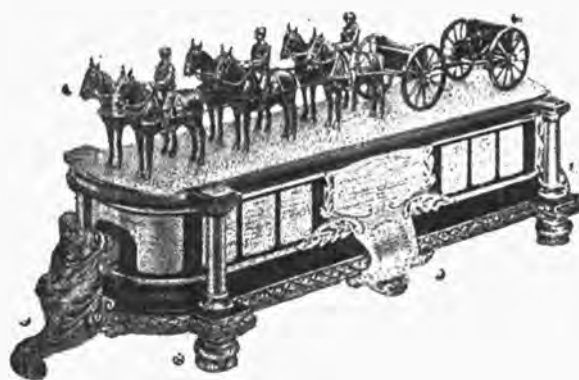
"Indian Ink" Comes From China and Catgut From Sheep

"We are a peculiar people! Much that we stubbornly refuse to accept is true; much that is not true we persist in believing. An example of the former is the power of the divining rod to locate

underground springs and other hidden supplies of water. Yet that the divining rod—a bent hazel twig, held correctly in the hands of certain people—does indicate where water may be found is a fact. Tests by scientists have established that beyond dispute."

Many, too, decline to believe that the moon has a baneful influence on the minds of certain

Sterling Silver



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persons, and dismiss as rubbish the statement that exposure to the moon's rays can bring about mental derangement. Yet it is true. "Lunacy" and "lunatic" are words coined, of purpose, from "luna"—the moon. Epileptics are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the moon.

Tell the average person that the waves of the sea do not move forward, and you would not be believed. Yet waves have but a vertical motion—up and down.

Universal almost is the belief that clothes create warmth. Yet they don't because they can't. All they do, whatever their texture or thickness, is to prevent the naturally-engendered heat of the body from escaping, and to interpose a barrier between the cold outside air and our skin. Thus, to talk of "warm clothes" is silly.

Most of us believe profoundly in "luck", although there is not, and cannot be such a thing. Everything which we ascribe to "luck" is the effect of a definite cause, and so is not "luck." The latter, if it existed, would have to be something that just happened, and was causeless. As impossible as ad-

sured. You may ask: "Isn't it 'luck' that settles how a spin coin should fall?"

And isn't it just a matter of luck when he who has to call says "head" or "tail"? No! The force behind the spin settles the number of revolutions of the coin, and the former settles the position of the coin when it drops. An extra flick would mean an extra turn, and "heads" instead of "tails." And behind the call there is a choice—a definite, if quick, movement of the will and mind. There's no such thing as "luck."

Camel-hair from Squirrels.

In simpler matters we frequently are all astray. If you paint you want a real camel-hair brush, of course. But the camel does not come into the picture at all. Camel hair brushes are made from the hair on the tails of squirrels.

You may take your own cigar paper.

Alas, no paper is made from rice. It's just a name. And, believe it or not, it is nevertheless a fact that "Turkish rhubarb" is not a Turkish product. It is Russian. And "Indian ink" comes from China, and not from India.

Nor is there a scrap of wax in sealing-wax. Nor do cats provide the catgut for the strings on your tennis racquet. All catgut comes from the entrails of sheep.

At any rate, we know that a sky, sometimes blue, is stretched like a dome over the earth. Alas, there is no sky, of any sort. It is the air which is blue, and it gets the color from the upward reflection from the earth of the sun's blue rays.

You've read of the "blue waters" of the Mediterranean and the "green waters" of the Atlantic. Sorry, but save where bottom scourings may affect the color, sea-water is the same everywhere. The blueness of the Mediterranean is but the reflection of the blue "sky."

Like Yours

According to fortune tellers, every body has a lucky or unlucky stone. Mine's a grindstone.

Guaranteed

A certain cure for stammering is to keep quiet.

Motorists are discussing whether to dip or dazzle.

Seaside beauties will do both.

HIDERS—DIVE

Sergeant Hider arose late yesterday, and calculated that a split-second schedule might see him off to a fair start for church parade. He knew he was operating on a close margin, but how close he first realized when the bugle notes echoed their warning through the crisp winter air. For Hider was still in his tub.

"Dress sounded!" Hider stood erect in the tub.

"Quarter sounded!" — Hider reached for a towel—and stepped on a submerged cake of soap.

Unexpectedly, Hider entered the bright sabbath morn sunshine via a splintered window pane, and volplaned into a deep snowdrift below.

Now the Cavalry-square was anything but deserted. Officers, N.C.O.'s, and men were scattered near the modest married quarters. The crash of breaking glass drew members of the R.C.D., and R.C.R., regiments to the shattered bath room window of the Hider home. The spectacle of Hider's unclad body diving into a snow drift, and floundering about therein,

caused a temporary halt to the church parade.

Sergeant Hider was unaffectedly annoyed. The deep snow provided a decent veil for his nakedness, but ice was already commencing to form on his still wet body. There seemed nothing for it but to return to his house.

So Hider emerged from the snow drift, even as Venus rose from the foam of the seas, only Hider was not so poetically leisurely about it. He made the ten yard dash from the drift at the stoop in good, brisk time.

It was at this juncture that Hider recalled that he had not brought his latch key; nor even the pockets in which the latch key ordinarily reposes.

So he rang the bell.

As Mrs. Hider later explained one just never can tell who may call on a Sunday morning. . . . a lady has to don a decent dress before answering the bell. . . . then, anyhow, how could she have known Hubby was out there, stark naked without his key. . . . he needn't be so nasty about how she took here time. . . . She wasn't two hours dressing, any such thing—as a

matter of fact, she wasn't more than five minutes.

The parade waited to see Hider lunge past his wife, whose screams were cut short by the banged door.

Hider escaped with a few scratches from broken glass. Nurse in attendance.

J. Arthur Hunt.

Explain In Fun

The Mistress (interviewing new cook) "And why did you leave your last place?"

The Cook: "They adn't got a garidge for me new two-wheeler, mum."

The Annual Picnic of the Old Comrades Association will take place Saturday August 2nd at Niagara-on-the-Lake. "B" Squadrons Mounted sports will be held in conjunction with those of the Association. Travel by 9.15, D.S.T. Fare return \$1.10, children 55 cents. Lunch and refreshments supplied. Tickets available at the Canada Steamship Pier from the committee.



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